which he gave of it in the *New York Evening Post* of January 19, 1891, and in the *Nation* of a few days later. Mr. Higginson speaks with large knowledge of the subject and evidently aims to be fair. The criticism has struck somewhat harshly upon the ears of some of Mr. Bancroft's friends, coming as it did so soon after the great man's death, and following the adoration which had latterly been bestowed upon him. But it has long been known that while the history possesses remarkable excellencies, it has, like most great creations, defects which it is important should receive careful consideration. I wish only to add that in view of the facts that Mr. Bancroft made very large use of manuscript sources and rare books in the preparation of his history, and that his quotations were made freely rather than with verbal exactness and completeness, it is very important that large portions if not the whole of his very valuable private library should become the property of the United States government, or of some public institution in one of our large cities where the great collection of manuscripts and other material used in the composition of his history may be easily consulted for purposes of verification and additional information.

MEMORIAL

OF

Elias L. Beard.

1880?

MEMORIAL

OF

E. L. BEARD.

Mr. E. L. Beard died at a quarter past twelve o'clock on Saturday, May 8th, 1880, after an illness that had confined him to the house for nearly three months. Although he had been in failing health for three years past, his illness was not serious enough to alarm his friends; and they believed that a change of scene and active employment, with different surroundings, would arouse his energies and restore his usual vigor. But this was not to be; the severity of last Winter proved too great for his impaired vitality. On the 15th of last February he contracted a cold which brought on violent congestion of the lungs. From this he recovered in a measure, but still it left him so prostrate that his old complaint of heart disease became aggravated, and dropsy supervened. He believed from the first that his recovery was very doubtful, and calmly discussed all matters pertaining to his decease. On some mild days that occurred during the severe Winter and Spring he improved, and his spirits assumed their usual buoyancy. Then he discussed many great projects tending toward the general development of the Coast. His faith in the future of these projects seemed boundless, and his principal desire of recovery was that he might take an active part in them.

When the attending physician remarked the inefficient action of the heart, he assured Mr. Beard's friends that the chances of recovery were very slight, His patient was perfectly resigned, and even anxious that the closing scene might not be long delayed. His last days were spent in ordinary conversation with his family and friends of long standing. He spoke kindly of every one, and impressed on those near to him the duty and pleasure of cultivating charitable feelings, cheering the depressed and assisting the destitute.

He suffered but little during his illness; his breathing was at times labored, and it was only occasionally that he could recline in bed, and then not to sleep. His nights were passed in a chair; but apart from this inconvenience, he was free from pain. An hour before his death he called his three step-grandsons to his bedside, spoke to them a little while, and then bid them a final good-bye. The other members of his family present he bid to be of good cheer, and all would be well with them in the future. In less than half an hour after this farewell, in full preservation of his faculties up to the last moment, he passed away with scarcely a struggle.

Mr. Beard was born in the town of Lyons, New York, on the 15th of October, 1816. In 1830 he went to Michigan, Jackson County, along with his father. The following year he went to Peru, Indiana, and in 1836 settled in Lafayette of the same State, where he remained till he started for California in 1849. He came to California through Mexico, and located at the Mission San Jose, where his residence has been ever since. His successes and disappointments in this State are known to most of those for whom these pages are intended, and do not need recapitulation. That a man of his noble impulses should pass his declining days in disappointments, the chagrin of hopes unrealized, and the culmination of business reverses, hardly seems compatible with our ideas of the rewards due him who always had a word of cheer for the downhearted, whose sympathies were always for the oppressed, and to whom no human being in need ever applied in vain. We can only find consolation in the hope and belief that earth is not the end of all, and that in another world a just reward awaits those who have merited a better lot in this.

The funeral services in memory of E. L. Beard, at the residence of the family, were simple and appropriate in character. The body of deceased reposed in a casket, which occupied the hall of the dwelling, and around it were gathered the immediate friends. The services opened with the familiar hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singing of the hymn was followed by reading from the Scriptures, embracing parts of 103 Psalm, and 15th chapter of First Corinthians. Rev. W. F. B. Lynch, who conducted the services, then said:

"In the presence of death we are startled by the recollection of the uncertainty of life. In our daily pursuits we forget that life is brief, and to-morrow uncertain. We forget that the burden of poetry and song, from generation to generation, has been the frail and feeble tenure of human life; and yet, everywhere around us are evidences of decay and death. The earth beneath our feet is mingled with the re-

mains of living forms of other days. The centuries gone have left us little more than their dust and ashes, and before our eyes the work of death goes on; the wave of life, now basking in the sunshine, is swallowed to-morrow by a wave of death. 'Perishing' is written on all created things, and on man as well. Death spares not youth nor beauty, neither age nor wisdom; he reaps his harvest in every season, and culls from every age; and whether he gathers in the freshness of morning, in the fulness of noon, or in the evening of life, we are struck, as we stand in his presence, with a vivid sense of the uncertainty of our tenure on earth. No wonder the psalmist vividly portrays the brevity of life, comparing it to 'a tale that is told,' or to the grass which 'is cut down and withered.'

Sometimes it would seem, from the despondent language of the psalmist, when brooding over the mystery of death, that his faith had not settled securely upon a future state; and in view of the awful silence that hangs over death, it is not strange that a feeling of despondency should rest upon thoughtful minds when gathered round the grave. Yet death is not more mysterious than life. We know little of either. In death we see the cold frame tenantless. And what is life? We look upon its outward manifestations; we see it animate the frame, light up the eye, give expression to the countenance, color to the cheek—and what is it? Look again and it is gone. While in the body we could not see the life itself—the mind, the soul, the spirit of the man. We see only the effect of its presence; and we might search brain, and heart, and bone, and muscle, but we could not find it. It appeared for a time and is gone; the brain is silent, and the heart at rest; this tenantless frame is no longer the friend we loved; it is cold and senseless. Where has the tenant fled? No wonder our unaided wisdom bends feebly and despondently over the grave.

But in the Scriptures a new light dawns upon us, and in the words read from Paul we have an argument for immortality: 'That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.' As the flowers of the garden, the grain of the fields, and the grasses of the meadow sink into the earth, and yet bloom again, so shall man enter upon a new life beyond the grave. That which is essentially the man lives on. Over the river of death the friend who has left us has entered upon another life.

Where that other shore may be no inspired penman has ever taught us. It may be near about us—a sphere touching the sphere of our earthly life. The spirit moving in etherial form may often stoop lovingly to mingle in the family circle, or seek the presence of the

friend or companion, who is still surrounded with the cares, and bowed with the burdens of life. We may not lift the veil that hangs between us and this spirit realm, but the unsealed eye of the prophet sometimes saw beyond it, as when 'the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.' John and others saw beyond this veil. To us it is closed for the present. And yet some inner spirit sense might open, disclosing a spirit real all about us, just as the natural world reveals new mysteries with the enlargement of the powers of sense; as when the telescope gave to man a larger vision, the stars that seemed only burnished points of light before, were found to be immense globes, moving with divine harmony in boundless space.

But wherever that spirit realm may be into which our friend has entered, we cannot follow him now. He has gone from us, but he has not perished. Wherever he may be we know that he is still in the realm of the Great Father of Spirits. He is still as much in the actual presence of our Father in Heaven as when he moved among us in the actual pursuits of life; and wherever he is a Father knows the inner history of his life. The heart that was ever open and tender and generous among us, is open still, as it has ever been, to the inspection of Heaven. We who knew him, loved him for his estimable character; but our knowledge of him was imperfect. We saw him as an active business man, fertile in expedients, and ready to push forward great enterprises; but I doubt if we appreciated the kindness and benevolence of his character at their real worth. But he has passed beyond our earthly judgment in to the presence of Him who knoweth his spirit.

To you who knew him long and well, it is not necessary that I should speak of his past life. He lived it openly and earnestly among us. It was a life of great activity, often devoted to bold and worthy enterprises. Through it all he manifested the qualities of a great and true manhood. There was nothing small in his nature. The liberality of his views was bounded by no narrow prejudices. His humanity was broad as the race of man, and his friendship extended to all classes and conditions of men.

You who were his friends know how he drew men to him by his broad sympathies. I have met with few men in my life whose disinterested generosity, and whose desire for the welfare and happiness of his fellow man, were equal to that of Lyman Beard.

And now, as we bear the body of our departed friend to the grave, let us take to ourselves a lesson from his life, and bear with us,

ever fresh and green, the memory of his character. Let us not forget that an active, useful life here is the best preparation for a life hereafter.

We are here to make the best of life, to fill it with a useful activity, and to extend to all around us a generous hand and sympathizing heart. Let us take with us, as we go hence, and keep ever before us, the lines so often repeated by our departed friend :

> " Count that day lost, whose low desending sun
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

And so may we live, making life full of blessing as we walk with God, full of peace as we do his will."

At the grave, after the singing of a hymn, and the reading of the Episcopal burial service by the Rev. Mr. Lynch, Judge Crane addressed the friends assembled, as follows :

" Friends : I could not refuse the dying request of our departed neighbor to participate in these ceremonies. As an introduction, I will read the following beautiful poem, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

" It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we do not see ;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek,
Amid our worldly care,
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayer.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard !

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy, now, to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death must be.

To close the eye and close the ear,
Wrapt in a trance of bliss,
And gently drawn by loving arms,
To swoon to that—from this."

I trust that it may not be considered out of place or inappropriate on this solemn occasion, that a few words should be uttered by one who has known our departed friend so long and so well. It is now

thirty-seven years since, in another State and amongst other scenes, we first knew each other, and ever since then our association has been intimate. We were both then in the morning of life, and the future was bright and full of promise.

Of remarkable energy and enterprise, he engaged hopefully and earnestly in large undertakings, and, although not always successful, yet hope never forsook him. His nature was sanguine, and he battled bravely with adversity, trusting implicitly in himself. Landing upon these shores in our pioneer days, he established his home here, where, for over thirty years, he has since remained, and has been permitted now to close his earthly career amongst the scenes which he loved so well, and although the dark clouds of adversity have shadowed his closing days, yet he died as he lived, in the best sense of the word—a man. Here for more than a quarter of a century he has dispensed the hospitalities of a home. The stranger has been welcome to its gates, now, alas ! to be closed. If the sunshine of earthly prosperity had become obscured, yet, behind the cloud there was to him a silver lining, and deep down in his heart, embedded in his nature, remained an indomitable energy, an unbroken will, and an ever springing hope. Death, with his icy fingers, has touched his mortal form, and impressed upon the cold clay his signet of triumph. From the mortal, the immortal has arisen. The key of life has been given him, and his second birth has placed him above and beyond the disquiets, cares and perplexities of this life, and opened to his arisen vision the transcendent beauties of a brighter world. He has passed beyond the cloud, and its silver lining is now to him an open vision. The glorious sunburst of life's immortal morning now radiates his pathway. What to us may seem a day of sadness, is to him one of triumph. The mortal heart beats have ceased ; the tired brain is at rest ; the busy hand is stilled. But he is not dead. He is now more alive than ever. Such is our belief, and such, notwithstanding his doubts, is now his knowledge.

Let us pause and do reverence to this man. The world has never truly known and appreciated him. Courage was the central trait of his being. He could face and endure adversity. His charity and sympathy with his fellow men were limited only by his means to aid them. Silently, and without ostentation, his hand was ever open to aid the needy and deserving ; and for the poor, his sympathies were always active. He will be missed. His vacant place will not be supplied. He was the enemy of human oppression, and warmly embraced and advocated all measures which led to the eradication of the

foul blot of slavery from our land. The pioneers in that cause were the heroes to whom he did homage ; and all his appreciation of what was honest, and brave, and true, was centred in them. Of unsurpassed energy and enterprise, he has accomplished large results ; and some of his monuments will endure to future generations. His memory will be cherished longest and dearest by those who knew him best. To-day let his virtues be remembered, his failings forgotten. He was my friend, and I utter here the honest expression of my inmost soul, when I say that he was, *par excellence*, one of nature's noblemen.

And now, so far as earth is concerned, it only remains to say the word which must be spoken—and if that word was ever uttered amid the tearful regrets of the final parting, by those whose souls were about to be sundered, it comes now from our hearts, when we say to him, so far as earth is concerned—farewell. But after all, our parting is only with these earthly remains. In our memory this sad word has no meaning. The nobility of his nature, and all that constituted his manhood, remains, and to these this word will forever remain unuttered.

" Oh, hearts that never cease to yearn !
Oh, brimming tears, that ne'er are dried !
The dead, though they depart, return,
As though they had not died.

The living are the only dead ;
The dead live never more to die ;
And often when we mourn them dead,
They never were so nigh.

Oh why should mem'ry veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb,
Whose captive has escaped ? "

TESTIMONIALS.

From the various mentions of the press, we select the following, that came to our notice :

[FROM THE ALTA CALIFORNIA.]

DEATH OF E. L. BEARD.

We sincerely regret to announce the death of E. L. Beard, which occurred yesterday, at his home, at the Mission of San Jose, Alameda County. His departure from this life will be lamented by a great number of personal friends and acquaintances, who have known him since the days of the pioneers of this State. He was sixty-three years of age, and up to the time of the fatal illness which finished his useful career, he had enjoyed the blessing of a fine constitution, preserved by good habits. As a farmer, in his country style and manner, he impressed us always as one of the type of men vividly portrayed in the familiar picture of Daniel Webster, when pictured in his country life.

Before the "early days" of California, he lived at Lafayette, Indiana. Early in the history of this State he settled at the Mission of San Jose, where he acquired a princely estate, and one of the most beautiful houses on the coast. His villa was surrounded by all the wealth of nature of this clime—embowered by luxuriant trees, and surrounded by beautiful vineyards, fig groves and orchards. Hon. Anson Burlingame used to speak of him as the perfect type of a princely California farmer. His estate recently became embarrassed, on account of speculations in stocks, but the homestead still remains in possession of his widow.

At the beginning of the civil war he joined General Fremont, at St. Louis, and distinguished himself for his energy and force of character, by the rapidity and zeal with which he executed contracts for fortifying the city—contracts which amazed people by the brief time allowed to fulfill their requirements.

His home has for many years been a favorite resort for many of

the distinguished guests who have come to this coast, as well as of our own most esteemed citizens.

He leaves a widow, who is beloved by all who know her; a woman endowed with the finest social and tenderest womanly qualities of character. A son, Mr. John L. Beard, one of the Regents of the State University, whose happy marriage we noticed a short time ago. The funeral ceremonies will take place at two o'clock this afternoon.

[FROM THE S. F. MORNING CALL.]

DEATH OF AN ALAMEDA PIONEER.

MISSION SAN JOSE, May 8th.

Elias L. Beard died to-day, in the 64th year of his age. Mr. Beard arrived in this State in 1849. He has from that time forward been identified with the interests of this place, and no one knew him but to respect him. Ever ready with a helping hand, his generosity was proverbial. In early days he was a large land-holder here, and his name will long be remembered as a household word at the Mission. Mr. Beard was a member of the San Francisco Society of California Pioneers, and of the Masonic fraternity. His funeral takes place to-morrow, from his late residence here, at two o'clock P. M.

[FROM THE OAKLAND TIMES.]

DEATH OF E. L. BEARD.

Mr. E. L. Beard, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Alameda County, died at his residence, near Mission San Jose, the 8th inst. The announcement will be received with profound regret by the community at large, and with deep sorrow by the numerous friends of the deceased and his family. The cause of death we understand to have been disease of the heart, from which he had been suffering of late. Mr. Beard was at one time one of the largest land-owners in Alameda County. He was widely esteemed for his many noble qualities of mind and heart, and respected for his uprightness and honorable dealings with all with whom he came in contact. Deceased was 63 years of age.

[FROM THE OAKLAND TRIBUNE.]

DEATH OF E. L. BEARD.

Last Saturday morning, May 8th, at a quarter past twelve, one of the most beloved and noblest men that ever graced a home in this beautiful valley passed away. The almost unlimited number of friends of Mr. E. L. Beard were greatly grieved to learn of the death of this benevolent man, to whom their kindest feelings clung, although they knew perchance of his protracted illness. Mr. Beard was born in the State of New York, in October, 1816, and came to this country with the earliest settlers, and has lived in this valley ever since. He was largely interested at an early day in lands, together with Mr. John M. Horner, who has since emigrated to the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Beard was always a very energetic man in business affairs, and his great kind heart always ached for those coming under his observation, who were in any way distressed in body or in mind. His generous care and financial protection were never inseparable with deeds of charity. His daily life was guided by the desire to put into practical deeds of action the sentiment expressed in a motto that was suspended over his study table. The idea intended in the couplet was that

A WORTHY ACTION

Should be accomplished before the setting of the sun, whereby someone would be made happier. To say that our dear departed friend carried out this cherished desire of his life, would be but the plain unvarnished truth. He has made many a sad heart glad, and has sprinkled sunshine on many a thirsting and lonely soul, by his hearty words of comfort and cheer. When others were gloomy and despondING, then was the time when Mr. Beard would laugh at fate and fortune in his heartiest tones, and banish the clouds from the brows of his hearers. And now he has gone from among us, but the good that he has done during the sixty-four years of his life, will live long after we, perhaps, have all passed away, and future generations will be told of the great and good man who lived beneath the shelter of those Mission hills, and spread the genial and noble influence of a courtly gentleman throughout the wide valley. People flocked from far and near to view the well-remembered face of their old friend, and a long unbroken line of carriages, extending over a mile, followed the good man to his last resting place. The floral offerings from many of his friends were beautiful and appealing. Judge Crane delivered an eloqueut eulogy at the grave, Mr. Beard having been one of his dearest and most honored friends for thirty-seven years. Mr. Lynch con-

ducted the services in a sympathetic and touching manner, and many tears were shed over the sod that hid from us the dear features and form of Mr. Beard. Long and sweet may be his rest.

[FROM THE PACIFIC, MAY 19, 1880.]

E. L. BEARD.

ONE OF THE PRINCELY PIONEER FARMERS OF CALIFORNIA.

By S. H. Willey, D. D.

The sad news of the death of E. L. Beard, of Mission San Jose, reminds me of the early days when he began farming on a grand scale. It was a bold venture at the time. The title to the land was so uncertain that it was a great risk to lay out money on it. Fences had to be made of wire, and the miles and miles of it required cost a great deal of money. Farming implements, too, were very expensive, and the price of labor was very high. Of course the interest on money was very high also, and the result of the farming experiment was considered at that time extremly uncertain. We were importing all our flour, as well as other supplies, from the East, and there were as yet no mills to grind the wheat in California, if it could be grown here. But Mr. Beard was a man for large enterprises, and of indomitable courage, and in spite of all obstacles and risks he entered upon the business of grain and fruit raising, on what then seemed to be a magnificent scale. And the result fully justified the soundness of his judgment, and demonstrated the agricultural capabilities of the country.

In the fall of the year 1852 I visited the Mission San Jose for the first time, and found Mr. Beard in the midst of his work. It seemed to me immense at that time, and it was, as compared with any other farming in the country. I was so much interested in the whole thing then, that I got from Mr. Beard some statistics of his work for publication in *The Pacific*. Turning back I find the article in the paper of November 25th, 1852.

It states that that year Mr. Beard had 640 acres of grain, that yielded, on the average, 56 bushels to the acre. His yield of potatoes was 60,000 bushels, averaging, for the most part, 330 bushels to the acre. The size of the potatoes was something marvellous. It was common to find those weighing three pounds, and frequently those weighing from three to five pounds. I remember dining one day on that visit at Mr. Beard's, when there were nine of us grown

persons at the table, and a single potato, weighing four pounds, served us all, and there was a plenty left for three persons who came afterward, and both the quality and the flavor were unexceptionable. The Mission orchard enclosure then comprised fifteen acres. Besides vines, fig trees, olives, peach and quince trees, there were in this orchard 350 full grown pear trees. The yield of one of the largest of these trees was 1500 pounds of fruit, the gross income from which was $400. The gross receipt from the vineyard in the year 1851 was $16,000.

This visit of mine to the Mission that fall, was like a new revelation to me. During the three or four years I had been in California I had seen nothing of the kind before; I had heard nothing of the kind talked about. Everybody was thinking and talking about mines, and diggings, and trade, especially the possibility of what men more recently call "corners"—for example, in flour, or lumber, or coffee, or candles, or some other article; or about speculation in city lots, or in water lots, etc.—the great end in view being the getting the greatest amount of money in the shortest possible space of time, and then taking the first steamer home. But this visit to the Mission, and a little observation of Mr. Beard's farming enterprises, opened before me an altogether different outlook for the future of California. It gave assurance of homes and contentment here, and of schools, and churches, and of a Christian State. And I find that I expressed these ideas at the time in the article from which I quote, as follows:

"I cannot sit here among these trees and fruits without thinking what California may ere long be. It is doubtless safe to say, that a climate surpassing this valley, in every healthful and agreeable quality, cannot be found in the world. A soil more productive of the richest and most delicate fruits certainly cannot. A few years of time, then, and a moderate expense of labor, will furnish many a family with a house surrounded by scenes and luxuries like those amid which I am now writing. Miners that are now closing their day of toil and fatigue, or are returning weary and worn to their rude and uncomfortable tents and cabins, only to take their lonely suppers and seek their rest, will not always live in this rude, comfortless way. Merchants, whose bodies are weary, whose brains are crazed and overworked in the day's excitement and trade, will not always run to keep pace with the market. They will make them homes of elegance, ease and comfort like this; yea, far surpassing this, as cultivation progresses, where families will dwell together in peace and happiness. Almost every-

where we go now in California it is work, work, nothing but work But while one reclines here under the trees, he is reminded that—

> ' A good time is coming,
> Wait a little longer.' "

Well, the "good time" has come, and we didn't have to wait very long. Fields, and orchards, and vineyards, and homes now abound over the whole State, and railroads have made us all near neighbors. But it is saddening to think that we already miss so many of those men of power from among us, who were so intimately associated with our affairs in the beginning. The memory of that open handed and charming hospitality at the Mission San Jose is a treasure in the recollection of a great many people now scattered over the world. For years it was a feature of California life, and distinguished visitors did not think that they had seen the country till they had been introduced at "the Mission."

But all things earthly have an end. I write not for the purpose of speaking words of eulogy concerning the dead; and yet his name, I cannot help saying, will always be associated in my memory with the best friends I ever had in the eventful early California years.

[FROM THE CALIFORNIA FARMER.]

E. L. BEARD.

> Death is the Crown of life,
> Were death denied, man would live in vain,
> Death wounds to cure: we fall, we rise, we reign,
> Spring from our fetters, hasten to the skies,
> When blooming Eden withers from our sight;
> This "King of Terrors" is the "Prince of Peace."

Continually and constantly are we reminded that our early Pioneers are "passing away," and in a little time an entire new race of men will occupy the places that were enobled by the best men that ever founded a State.

Every month—yes, every week, and sometimes daily, we read the "Death of another Pioneer." But many who claim to be the "Pioneers of '49," are so only in name; they leave no mark behind them; they are not, as we say, enobled by a life of great works and deeds, such as made the true Pioneers a landmark in the history of California.

E. L. Beard, whose recent departure from the scenes of active labor, and whose death will long be mourned, was indeed a Pioneer.

One of the earliest, one of the most active and influential, and one of the best of men, whose whole life, from the early days of '49 in this State to the time of his death, was spent in the most active labors to build up and improve our State.

It would take all the pages of our journal to give a history of the many enterprises in which he has been engaged. Mr. Beard was one of the earliest and largest farmers of California, and, in connection with John M. Horner, in the earliest years of our State, cultivated more acres, and raised larger crops, than has ever been raised since the years from 1850 and on ; the crops of Beard & Horner were the wonder of the world. On the pages of this journal, in the years long past, we find memorable records of the enterprises of this extensive firm.

In the year 1853, we have the records that on the farm of Beard & Horner, Alameda County, was raised the enormous crop of 33,000,000 pounds of potatoes, besides other crops, and in those early years Beard & Horner were the chief agents to supply all the produce for the Pacific Mail steamers. The sum total of such supplies were from $50 to $70,000 per month, they contracting to supply all the provisions needed—beef, pork, and vegetables of all kinds. Business was more prosperous than now, and when there was less strife for contracts, place and power.

E. L. Beard was a most active man, never satisfied to stand idle, always engaged in some great and gigantic enterprise if possible. In the late war he was a large contractor under Fremont, and more recently largely engaged in the reclamation of tide lands in Alameda County; but, as with many of our most noble, generous and unselfish Pioneers, there seemed a fatal tide set against him, for Dame Fortune frowned, and, after all his years of toil, his losses were more than his gains—the usual fate of working Pioneers, so that his late years were a struggle, but it is over now.

He fought his battle manfully ;
He fought it at heavy cost ;
He tried to stem the fearful tide,
And battled well, but lost.

Mr. Beard, though often the controller of millions, left the world of his labors, like many others, a poor man. His amiable widow, a a lady of great intelligence and worth, was most fortunately made secure of a good homestead, which was deservedly her own.

Mr. Beard was the first President of the California State Agricultural Society, organized in the year 1854. The first fair under his

administration was held in San Francisco, at what was then known as Music Hall, and was a most satisfactory and prosperous fair, the records of which prove it one of the best ever held in our State.

The memory of E. L. Beard will long be held in cherished remembrances by every true Pioneer, for his many good and generous deeds, of which the world knows not, are registered in His book, to whom the spirit ascends, when the "dust returns to dust."

We mourn the loss of so good a man, for we need such still, and while we tender to the family of our departed friend our deepest sympathy for their loss, we can only tender them stronger words than our own, which must teach us all, "We can go to them, but they cannot come to us."

[FROM THE SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN.]

THE LATE E. L. BEARD.

One by one the Pioneers are passing away, and the ranks of those who helped to found this State are lessening every day. Elias Lyman Beard, one of the best known among the early settlers of California, died at his residence, at the Mission San Jose, Alameda County, May 8th. His funeral, which took place on the 9th, was attended by a great concourse of friends of the deceased. Rev. W. F. B. Lynch preached the funeral sermon, and Judge Crane, of Alameda County, delivered a eulogy.

E. L. Beard was born in 1816, at Lyons, Wayne County, New York. At the age of sixteen he became, in imagination, enamored with the Shaker plan of social life, and, leaving his home, became a member of the society at Lonyea, Livingstone County, New York, where he remained about a year, when he went back to the world again and joined his father's family, who, about 1835, removed to Michigan, where they remained for three or four years. With his father, Jesse Beard, he then removed to Indiana, and took up his residence at Lafayette, remaining there until 1849, when he left for California. During his Indiana residence he was distinguished for large enterprises, including contracts for the construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal, and in the purchase and sale of large amounts of country produce. At one time he was the proprietor of the principal hotel in that town, besides being engaged in milling, building and other enterprises. About 1847–48 he was a contractor upon the con-

struction of the Navy Yard at Memphis, Tennessee, furnishing vast quantities of stone therefor, which proved an unfortunate enterprise.

He emigrated, through Mexico, to California, in 1849, and located at the Mission San Jose, where he has ever since resided. Up to 1852 he was fortunate in raising farm products, principally vegetable, which bore a high price, and also selling the fruit from the old Mission pear orchard, until he acquired a handsome competency. But such were his sanguine hopes of the future of California that he invested all his means in partial payments upon ranches, and the depression in values which soon followed swept away all his accumulations and reduced him to penury. In 1857 he took charge of the mills and mining on the Mariposa estate. This also proved a failure. He then contracted to purchase a mile square of land, embracing the now town of Salinas, expended largely in fencing, and put in a large wheat planting; but the season proved unfruitful, and he lost his investment. At the beginning of the late civil war he proceeded overland to St. Louis, and constructed the fortifications there. In 1865, himself and his step-son, Henry G. Ellsworth, procured a perfected title, by patent from the United States, to nearly 4,000 acres of land on the ex-Mission of San Jose, and were again the possessors of a competency.

But not content with this, his sanguine disposition led him into sundry enterprises, embracing an attempt to develop an oil well at Mattole, in Humboldt County, and to develop mines in various parts of the country. After speculations, all of which proved unsuccessful, he made an attempt to recuperate these losses by dealing in mining stocks, which finally swept away his entire fortune, and he died, so far as worldly goods are concerned, a poor man, leaving, however, to his widow a comfortable support from life insurance policies taken for her benefit, understood to be about $18,000.

He was large-hearted, liberal-minded, and benevolent. The worthy and deserving poor had in him always a friend, and he was beloved by a large class of the obscure and unfortunate, whom he delighted to aid. He was a man of fine presence, and of genial, kindly character. In his own immediate neighborhood, where he had lived for thirty years, he will be remembered with love and respect.

GEORGE H. COOK